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WASHINGTON CITY IN NOVEMBER.

[NOTE. — Having an opportunity of visiting Washington under circumstances which afforded favorable opportunities for seeing it to advantage, it became necessary to postpone the publication of the present number of the "Journal." By way of compensation for this delay, the Editor herewith presents the readers of the "Monthly" with his experience and observations during his ten days' residence in the national capital.]

MY last visit, of any length, to Washington, was in 1851, — ten years ago. In those days it was a city to weep over. It was a city of politicians and place-hunters. The influence of the Government and of office-holders was so preponderant, that all other powers gave way before the power of place.

The air of Washington was, in those days, thick with cunning, selfishness, and mean contrivance. How to sell your influence at the highest price; how to approach the sources of power; how to manœuvre and crawl, and climb into important offices, and then to use that position in order to get one more valuable, — this was, in those days, the understood object of all men. Two men wanted, for example, the same office. A says to B, "I will combine my

supporters with yours to get you this office, if you will combine your supporters with mine to get me another." Thus A, who came to Washington with recommendations for the office of Marshal of his district, yields that to B, and gets, instead, a position in the Treasury. Being in the Treasury, he gets acquainted with everybody, — heads of departments, members of Congress, &c. He is affable to every one, and tries all means to lay influential men under some kind of obligation to himself. He studies their tastes and whims. Especially he finds it useful to give frequent supper-parties, with oysters, cigars, and champagne. Few men decline such invitations; and, when you have drank a man's champagne once or twice, it is harder to refuse him what he wants. So A, instead of confining himself to his duties, is scheming to get some more profitable position. And it is only the first step which costs. If the important office is the gift of Mr. Z, at the very end of the alphabet, and Mr. B is his friend, Mr. B introduces him to C, C to D, and so on; and at last he gets Mr. Z to his champagne-suppers, and then he attains his end.

Such was the course of things in Washington in 1851. One thing, however, was essential to all aspirants for office: they must believe in Slavery, or, at least, must believe in giving Slavery all it asked. The bitter mockery then known as the "Compromises of 1850" had been passed. The Fugitive-slave Law of Senator Mason had been universally accepted as constitutional and right. All great men of all parties had agreed that antislavery agitation was ended. The conscience, reason, and heart of man was to be for ever silenced on this subject.

I recollect going into the Senate Chamber one day, and sitting behind the chair of Mr. Clay. It was his last session in Congress. He spoke, that morning, with great contempt of the "Free-soil" Party; and said, "We have

put them down, down, down, — so low down, that they will never rise again." Yet now the principles of this party, so low in 1851, have, in 1861, taken possession of the White House and the Capitol.

But, in those days, to be a Free-soiler was equivalent to exclusion from the common courtesies and privileges of Washington. All public offices, all places in the Cabinet, all important committees in the Senate and House, were held by their opponents. At the house of Gamaliel Bailey, Editor of the "National Era," a little knot of Free-soilers would collect, every evening: there I used to see Giddings, Seward, Chase, Hale, Julian, Horace Mann, and a few others. Meantime, the great East Room of the White House was nightly crowded with ambassadors, heads of department, military and naval officers, and the most brilliant women of the land; so crowded, that it was difficult to see any one at a distance from you, except two men who towered head and shoulders above all the rest, and were visible from any part of the room, — Gen. Scott and Sam Houston.

That book may be said to be the most immoral which *assumes* selfishness and worldliness as the normal condition of men: that book is most immoral, which, like Balzac's novels, for example, *takes it for granted* that all men are worldly and vain, all women frivolous and false. And so that state of society may be considered most immoral, in which "hypocrisy, the homage which vice pays to virtue," is cast aside as too flimsy a veil, and in which every one takes for granted that his neighbor, like himself, is to be bought and sold. Such was Washington when I saw it during the session of Congress in 1850–51.

Only by taking these things into account can we understand why men like Clay and Webster — great statesmen, greater than most of our Presidents — could still wish to be

President. To us it seemed that it would be a descent for them to go from the Senate, from which their words went far and wide through the land, into the White House. At our distance from Washington, any one such man eclipses the President. But, in Washington, any accidental President eclipses them all: for there all, or nearly all, are seeking for power and place; and the President is the great source of power and place. In Washington, the truly great statesmen are neglected by the multitude who throng with adulation the portals of the palace.

We must take this element into account, in order to understand the course of our great men. The thick, false air of Washington corrupts some, stifles others, and makes others furious. This explains Andrew Jackson's rage against his opponents, who represented to him all this corruption. This explains the cynical tone which John Quincy Adams sometimes assumed, thus secluding himself from this moral miasma. This also explains the death of men, who, like Harrison and Taylor, were too honest to yield to these influences, and too inexperienced in craft to know how to resist them: their feet were caught in the mud of this Serbonian bog, and they died. Men who are honest at home either become corrupted at Washington, or else, in their effort to resist corruption, go too far the other way, and become irritable, morose, impracticable.

Such was Washington in 1851. How is it now, in 1861?

Ten years have passed; and what a change! The crowds who then thronged Presidential levees are either fled, or "gone to salute the rising morn." That "rising morn" is the same Free-soil dynasty, which, ten years ago, met in Dr. Bailey's little upper chamber, — that same party which these ears of mine heard Henry Clay then declare to be "put down, down, down, for ever and for ever."

The two foremost men in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln are two who used to meet in that room, — Seward and Chase: another — Henry Wilson — is chairman of one of the most important committees. Every thing has passed over into the hands of the party which was then DOWN, — White House, Capitol, Departments, Army, Navy, Treasury, — every thing but the Supreme Court; and that sits helpless for good, powerless for evil. Young politician, believe in IDEAS!

Blinded by some divine Nemesis, the Slave power, which had all in its hands, flung all away. Dividing its party at Charleston, it gave the Republicans the President; by seceding from Congress, it gave them a majority in both Houses; by making war on the Union, it gave them the support of a united North; holding the sword and purse of the Union, the Army and Navy, the Senate and House, it threw them all away. Where are the voices once so loud and arrogant, so domineering and overbearing? Where are Jefferson Davis and Breckinridge, Bayard and Hunter, Mason and Clingman, Toombs and Hammond, Slidell and Benjamin, Mallory and Gwin, Prior and Keitt, Cobb and Floyd? Departed all, and departed for ever. Some are leading rebel regiments; some contriving ways and means for the bankrupt Southern Confederacy; some gone into retirement on their ruined plantations; some meditating on the vicissitudes of fortune, in Fort Warren. Even the halls where they ranted and blustered are empty. New men; new scenes. The old Senate Chamber and Representative Rooms are empty, swept, and filled with sculptures. The new era has taken to itself new and splendid halls in the extended Capitol, which has spread its wings, as though pluming itself for a grander flight. But I willingly lingered in the scene of those great debates, which the pen of History shall make immortal. I stood in

the place where was the desk of John Quincy Adams, and thought of the time when the brave old hero stood alone, for three days, attacked by all the Southern bullies and Northern dough-faces, — he alone against all, and conquering them all. And now his words have ripened into deeds; his thoughts have changed into rifles and bayonets. The spurs and sabres of cavalry-officers clanked against the floor, as they strode through these desolate rooms. Curious soldiers from New Hampshire and Minnesota were spending their day's furlough in wandering through these chambers. In the *souterrains* beneath the Capitol are immense bakeries for the army; forty thousand loaves of bread baked *per diem:* so the Capitol, which formerly gave the nation mostly empty air, now at least gives it wholesome bread.

Washington is wholly changed. War, changing every thing else, has changed this too. War is a stern purifier; but it purifies thoroughly. "Quem medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat," says Hippocrates. The steel will heal that national sickness which no political medicine could cure. The toga has yielded to the sword. The streets are full of uniforms. Generals, with one or two stars on their shoulders, sit opposite you at breakfast. Aids of the Commander-in-chief gallop through the streets. Sentinels pace slowly before the public offices. The national banner floats in the air. The caparisoned horses stamp before the door. The regimental wagons lumber along the streets. The roll of the drum comes from the camps. The uniforms of every State meet you in the crowd. The heavy tread of soldiers marching in or out of the city comes heavily on the ear. The provost-marshal's guard goes its steady rounds, stopping all license or intemperance, — the best police Washington ever had: so that this city, once the most intemperate, is now one of the most temperate, in the country. My

authority for this statement is the testimony of omnibus-drivers and hack-drivers, who all assured me that no drunken soldiers were now ever to be seen.

Thus the toga, defiled by cunning and dishonesty, has yielded to the cruel but sincere sword. Washington is a beleaguered and defenced city. On every hill around are camps. As you ride into the city from any direction, these beautiful, spectral lines of tents gleam under the soft moonlight; their fires burn red among the trees. Sentinels stop your carriage, and demand your pass. The whole scene recalls to one's mind the description, by Walter Scott, given of Paris after the battle of Waterloo: —

> "The drums' deep roll was heard from far;
> The bugles wildly blew
> Good-night to hulan and hussar,
> Who garrisoned St. Cloud."

Only Paris was occupied by the enemy; while Washington is garrisoned by its defenders. But all is war and warlike. Thus the whole aspect of the city is changed. It is like a city of Europe, — like Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg; but with a difference. For this of ours is not a mere standing army, to be wielded blindly in the interests of despotism; but an intelligent army of freemen, come to protect liberty and law. It is the nation itself which has taken up arms, and come to Washington to defend its own life and the ideas of the fathers. It has come to defend the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, laws, and traditions of the land.

Therefore the most interesting thing in and about Washington is the army, considered as a collection of individuals. I enjoyed talking with the soldiers in the camps, in the hospitals, and in Washington. I talked with many of them from all parts of the land, — Michigan, Minnesota, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York;

Irish also, and Germans: and I never talked with so many men who seemed animated by so serious a desire and earnest a purpose; never with men more serious, manly, and unpretending. Rogues and villains there doubtless are in this, as in all armies; but they are in a small minority. The mails go from every camp, weighed down with letters for friends at home. From Port Royal, the other day, the steamer brought fifteen thousand letters, — an average of one for every man.

In Fort Runion, which is the *tête du pont* of the Long Bridge, there is a company of Marblehead men in garrison. Nearly every one of them has had fever and ague; for the fort is on the edge of a swamp. But the men said they were very willing to stay there; since any other company would have to be seasoned as they had been, and they were already acclimated. There was true heroism in this.

In the Union Hospital at Georgetown was a young Irishman who had been wounded by the explosion of a spent shell, which had been brought into the camp, and foolishly played with by the men, who got a pound or two of powder out of it, and then one of them dropped a coal of fire into it. It killed him on the spot, took the legs off from another; and a piece of it went into the tent where the Irishman was sleeping, and tore open his shoulder. He said, that, if it had only been in battle, he should not have minded it.

In another room, by himself, was a young man, dying of the effect of a mismanaged wound. His mother, a Quaker lady from Pennsylvania, was nursing him. Both were resigned and peaceful.

The majority of the sick men were suffering, not from wounds, but from camp-fever, typhoid, and pulmonary affections. Many were the victims of carelessness in the use of tools or arms. Some of the wounds received in

battle were received from their own friends, in the confusion of a night-attack.

Every camp has its hospital tent, which is comfortable enough in good weather; but, in cold and rain, it must be quite otherwise. There are two large and very comfortable hospitals in Georgetown, the Union and Seminary. In the latter I saw Capt. Schmidt, of Company E, Massachusetts Twentieth, who received five wounds in the battle of Ball's Bluff, and is recovering from them all.

From this point I will throw my remarks into the form of a diary, as I shall thereby be more likely to preserve the freshness of the original impressions.

Thursday, Nov. 14. — Reached Washington after dark, in the rain. All the hotels crowded. Go to Willard's, and find the entries filled with men, mostly in military costume, pushing to and fro. Up-stairs the parlors are comfortable, not too high, not light enough, but with cheerful fires. Go out, and see Mr. Frederic Knapp, formerly Unitarian minister in Brookline, one of the most active and useful members of the Sanitary Commission; of which Commission we will presently speak. See also Mr. William Henry Channing, who is now established as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Washington. The society considers itself very fortunate to obtain his services, and he is listened to by large and attentive congregations.

Friday, Nov. 15. — Visited the Capitol and the office of the Sanitary Commission with W. H. C. The extension of the Capitol has made it one of the most imposing buildings in the world. For once, an alteration has been an improvement. The dome, which is yet unfinished, will, when complete and surmounted by Crawford's splendid statue of "America," leave little to be desired in form or size. The building stands so high, that it is seen from great distances

in every direction; and, as it comes in sight from the north and from the other side of the Potomac, constantly suggests St. Peter's. The vast wings recently added to the Capitol give relief by their projecting masses, and break the glittering front of marble by grand stairways, porticoes, and shadowy recesses. The new halls for the Senate and House are a profusion of marbles, frescoes, and gilding. The beautiful Tennessee marble, which is a bluish gray, and takes a high polish, alternates with white marbles in the corridors, and flights of stairs. The Houses of Parliament are externally monotonous compared with our Capitol; and we remember no such splendid interiors on the Continent as our two Chambers. In the old Hall of Representatives stand some statues intended for the pediment. Some, by Crawford, are beautiful; but some are poor. A woodcutter, chopping down a tree, is meant to represent the backwood pioneers; but the artist has contrived to make two mistakes, which he might have avoided by looking five minutes at any woodman felling a tree. No woodman holds his axe, when at its elevation, with both hands together at the end of the handle; and no woodman cuts through a tree with a cut slanting *down* from the outside. Such mistakes are unpardonable in that which is intended to stand for ever to represent pioneer-life.

The Sanitary Commission is a striking instance of the power in the American people to extemporize an institution. On the last day of April, I was present at a meeting, called, in the lower hall of the Cooper Institute, to see if any thing could be done for the health of the soldiers; and now, in November, we have a thoroughly organized and very efficient institution, in full working order. Its work is mainly this: (1.) To inspect all the camps and regiments, and, by a minute and carefully arranged system of questions, suggest to colonel and surgeon any defects or

improvements. (2.) To provide all the comforts and necessaries for the soldiers, especially those in hospital, which the Government does not provide. (3.) To maintain a soldiers' home and hospital for regiments just arrived at the city, and unable to reach their quarters. (4.) To do mediatorial work between the Government and soldiers, — suggesting to Government what the soldiers need, and procuring for individual soldiers what they do not know how to get for themselves. Government has provided them with three buildings in Washington, — one for their principal office, where all the clerical work is done; a second for a storehouse, where articles sent for soldiers' use are received, arranged, and kept till wanted; and the third for their soldiers' home and hospital.

The storehouse of the Commission is full of goods; though they are being sent off continually, as orders arrive from the different regiments. Between three and four hundred boxes had just been received from Massachusetts alone, — the work and gift of women mostly. One room was full of blankets and comforters; another, of sheets and pillow-cases. In one corner was an immense pile of dressing-gowns; in another, a great stock of woollen stockings. Heaps of books were in an upper chamber: and among them I noticed about a cord of "Harpers' Magazines;" which work seemed to me to have been fore-ordained from the foundation of the world for this purpose, and no other. The miscellaneous character of the collection was remarkable. Here were bottles of currant-wine, and there a heap of crutches, camp-stools, cocoa, tea, sponges, lint, preserves, old sheets, brandy, lemon-sirup, dressing-gowns, backgammon-boards, corn-starch, flannel trousers, bay-rum, slippers, &c.

Saturday, Nov. 16. — Went in a carriage with three friends (one of them being Mr. Channing, and another the

Boston correspondent of the "New-York Tribune") over the Long Bridge, on a visit to some of the camps in Virginia. Our passes, good for ten days, and admitting us everywhere within the lines, had been procured from Gen. McLellan. We first went to Fort Runion and Fort Albany, both garrisoned by the Massachusetts Fourteenth, and under the command of Col. William B. Greene. Col. Greene is a graduate of West Point, and has been successively in the Florida War, as United-States officer of regulars; student of theology in the Baptist Seminary, Newton; Unitarian minister at South Brookfield, Mass.; and author of various profound metaphysical, theological, and politico-economical works. From Fort Albany, one overlooks the Potomac and a wide extent of country. It is a powerful fortification, defended by high earthworks, deep ditches, a tangled *abattis* of limbs of trees, and heavy pieces of artillery. The colonel summoned his regiment together, and asked them to sing some of their songs and hymns for the party; introducing to them more particularly Mrs. John A. Andrew. Among these songs, the most conspicuous was the famous John Brown song:—

> "John Brown's body is mouldering in the grave;
> His soul is marching on.
> Glory, hallelujah!"

Several times afterward did we hear this hymn sounding among the woods of Virginia; and surely it seemed true in the deepest sense. John Brown's soul *is* marching on! For what is the soul of John Brown but his unconquerable hatred of slavery, and his fervent desire of seeing it abolished? And is not that desire and feeling MARCHING ON? Is not slavery recognized more and more as the cause of the war, the deadly foe of the Union, the poison in our cup, the enemy of true democracy and true Christianity, and something which must be destroyed, if the life

of the nation is to be saved? Every day is adding to the strength and depth of these convictions; and John Brown's *soul* is yet to lead the armies of the nation to their destined work.

To say this, or something equivalent, to Massachusetts men, on the banks of the Potomac, in Old Virginia, was accounted by me a privilege. The colonel asked us to speak to the men, and we did; but at this time we spoke of the pride which we in Massachusetts took in our soldiers, — of the credit they brought to the old State by their discipline in camp, and courage in the field. We told them, that to be a Massachusetts man was to be honored everywhere. We told them of the women at home, who could be only happy when doing something for their soldiers; and of the heroic deaths of the brave officers, Massachusetts boys, who, amid their own sufferings, thought only of their men and their heroism. Such thoughts came spontaneously to the mind, and belonged to the hour and place. One of the speakers was a lady of the party, who said a few generous words, in touching accents, suited to the scene and hour.

Driving on to Bailey's Cross-roads, past Blenker's headquarters, we came to Munson's Hill, also strongly fortified; and, after climbing this, we arrived at Falls Church. This old Virginia church, of dark brick, is plain in its interior, but has the Ten Commandments on the wall, and a clerk's desk before the pulpit. It stands in the midst of an old cemetery, where the latest graves are of two picket soldiers, who sleep peacefully side by side, — though one belonged to us, and the other to the rebels. This old church is now in our possession, but has alternately been held by both parties. The rebel lines are still so near, that we could see a pale thread of smoke, which we were told came from their fires. During this very morning's ride, indeed,

a company of our troops was attacked at no great distance from the church, and some of them taken prisoners. We returned to Washington by the road leading to the Georgetown Ferry; and on our way passed several camps, and saw the setting sun illuminating the distant Capitol.

During the evening, Governor Andrew took me, with two other gentlemen, to call on the President. The porter at the White House told us that he had gone out, but would soon be back. So we went on through gallery and corridor, blue room, council-room, and parlor, — all lighted, and all empty. The doors stood invitingly open; but not a soul could be anywhere seen. It was like a palace in the "Arabian Nights," from which king and court had been suddenly removed by genii. The only signs of occupancy which we found were two pairs of little shoes standing outside a door, indicative of children sleeping quietly within. Happy children, who can play all day in a palace as in a cottage, and sleep all night undisturbed by the uneasy cares which deny rest to kings and presidents!

Selecting the room which best suited us, we entertained each other, until the President, coming home and hearing our voices, came where we were. What is the impression which his appearance, manner, and conversation make on one? This: of an unassuming country gentleman, modest but self-possessed, with sagacity and full powers of observation, but without the least touch of political manœuvring. Mr. Lincoln is no politician; does not pretend to be a great and accomplished statesman; but is an honest, candid, modest, sagacious American citizen, who means to do his duty as well as he can. He is not exactly the man for a leader in a great crisis like the present; yet where could we find a better? This much he has a right to say to the nation: "You chose me for your President, without any effort or intrigue on my part. I did not seek the office: you gave

it to me. Now sustain me, and give me your confidence, till I show myself unworthy."

Sunday, Nov. 17. — Our whole party, some eighteen in all, called again on the President, who received us kindly. At eleven, A.M., I went to the Unitarian Church to hear William Henry Channing preach. The congregation was large, and seemed much interested. The *society* is not large, and has become disorganized, but is wholly united in Mr. Channing, and has great hopes of a new prosperity under his administration. I have seldom listened to a finer sermon than he gave the people this morning. It was in the best sense liberal, and in the best sense conservative He did full justice to all there is of truth in Orthodoxy, in the Roman-Catholic Church, and in Naturalism; such justice, indeed, that a representation of either party, if present, might have accepted the statement of his own belief as fair and adequate. It is seldom that one is found capable of thus entering into an opponent's thought, and being just, not merely to his statement, but to his underlying intention; and when Mr. Channing closed his discourse by a masterly description of three individuals, whom he selected as the best types of the truest Naturalism, Orthodoxy, and Catholicism, — taking for this purpose Ralph W. Emerson, H. W. Beecher, and Orestes A. Brownson, — the impression on the congregation was very profound.

In the afternoon of this sunny Sunday, I walked over the Long Bridge to hold a religious service with the Massachusetts Fourteenth, in Fort Albany, in compliance with an invitation brought to me on the previous evening by three of the soldiers. It so happened that I stood to address the troops with my face to the Potomac and the city of Washington; and the soft lights of evening gathered over the scene as the service went on, and the voices of the soldiers arose in song, while "the sounding aisles of

the dim woods" of Virginia rang to the anthem of the free soldiers of Massachusetts. It was a thrilling scene, and one long to be remembered by me.

After preaching, parade-drill; and after this came what the colonel called the "cultus of the flag."

The soldiers were drawn up around the flag-staff: the band saluted the flag; the men presented arms. Then the flag was lowered by four men, and carefully folded into a triangular form; then carried by one of them in his arms tenderly, as though it were a baby, while the others walked beside him; and the soldiers formed an escort for it to head-quarters, where it was put away for the night on a shelf.

One peculiarity of Washington is that you meet old friends and acquaintances from all parts of the world, and from all parts of your life. So here, at Willard's, I stumbled against stern-looking colonels, whom I had known as good little boys at Latin school; *vieux moustaches*, with whom I had played marbles; ladies from California, whom I had known twenty years ago as dashing young belles in Kentucky; a captain of cavalry, whom I last saw in some carboniferous geological era, keeping a store on White River, in Arkansas; old friends of youth, and newest acquaintances of yesterday. One should go to Washington to learn how rich his life has been; for there he meets again fragments of every part of it, huddled, it is true, somewhat miscellaneously together. The evening was never long enough (though we lengthened it into the small hours) to talk with all one's friends.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, reviews. On Monday, we rode out to see a division-review of ten thousand men in Virginia; on Tuesday, we saw a brigade review, of four regiments, to the north of Washington; and, on Wednesday, assisted at the grand review of fifty or

sixty thousand men at Upton's Hill. The great review was most imposing to the imagination; but we saw more of martial evolution at the others. Our ride on Monday was particularly interesting. We rode to Gen. Wadsworth's head-quarters, and, from an observatory on the top, looked far and wide over miles of Virginia landscape. This is eight miles from Washington; and the house has been held by the rebels, who have written their ideas of Abe Lincoln and Scott on its walls. A cannon-ball, which passed through it, has left an evidence that fighting took place near. Here is one inscription: —

"☞ No use talking, Yankees won't fight. Whar's Scott, McLellan, and Old Abe? — *Answer.* Nowhar."

And here is another memorandum: —

"Sept. 13, 1861. — Heavy picket-firing all night. Under arms since three o'clock."

The officers at this place were very hospitable, and gave us a lunch seasoned by the most sincere and cordial goodwill; afterward they mounted their horses, and escorted our carriage to the great field, where Gen. McDowell was reviewing the division. Here were assembled ten thousand men of all arms, — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, — and the spectators consisted only of the occupants of two carriages and half a dozen persons on foot. But the spectacle was suddenly and strangely broken up. An adjutant came riding rapidly up, and communicated to the general, that, two miles off, an attack in force was being made on a regiment of Brooklyn soldiers, who were in danger of being surrounded and cut off. Immediately the aids rode in all directions; and it was evident, that, if we were to get away with our carriage, we must go before the masses of soldiers filled the road. So we drove rapidly back toward Wadsworth's head-quarters, which was also in the direction of

the skirmish. Soon we reached a hilltop, on which stood some soldiers, who pointed out where, some two miles away, thin puffs of smoke came up from among the trees. "There," said they, "the fighting is going on. Now we shall have some fun. I hope the general will send *us*." Presently Gen. McDowell came riding up close to us with his staff; and, soon after, a large body of cavalry galloped past down the hill toward Falls Church, at which point a road diverged toward the scene of action. On the other side, we saw large masses of our troops passing along another road, which led behind the scene of the skirmish; the object evidently being to surround the enemy. The excitement, to us, was great; for we did not know, nor probably did the generals, but that it might be the beginning of a battle. We left our carriage, and climbed on the ramparts of a fort near by, where we could see better. The firing continued in the distance for perhaps three-fourths of an hour. At last it became evident that the fight was nearly over, and we turned our horses' heads homeward. Soon we were surrounded by soldiers marching home from the review, — men of two Wisconsin regiments. They tramped before and behind and beside us, singing their songs; while occasionally a wild bugle-note, or the drum and fife, woke the echoes of the forest. The day had been windy; but the night was calm. The evening star hung in the west; and the full moon, rising in the east, over the distant Capitol, silvered the waters of the Potomac, — our holy river, made sacred with patriot blood. One of our party (who had been very anxious to get nearer to the fight, and very reluctant to come away from it) sang, for us and for the soldiers, songs appropriate to the hour. The pathetic tones of her voice were in unison with the scene; to complete whose picturesque character, presently came the addition of fires in the woods. Long

streams of red flame ran over the hills, and followed the courses of dried-up streams choked with sticks and leaves. So, at last, passing the heavy gates at Fort Albany and Fort Runion, we reached the Long Bridge, and returned into Washington, bearers of the news of another skirmish. Next day, it appeared that several of our men had been killed, and some of the other side, while others had been taken prisoners.

One of the pleasantest visits which I made was to Col. Berdan's camp of sharp-shooters, a few miles from Washington. The house occupied by the colonel and his lady is on a hill overlooking the city, with a pleasant winter garden in front, where summer flowers still lingered. It was a warm, still morning; and it seemed exactly like a December day at Sorrento or Albano. All was Italian, — the foliage, the hazy warmth, and even the distant dome, which now bears so much resemblance to that of St. Peter. The men went through their skirmishing-drill to the note of the bugle. They are armed with six-shooting rifles, and bayonets, except a few, who have the heavy telescope-rifle. This piece, which weighs from twenty to sixty pounds, and will hit its object at half a mile, Col. Berdan calls his "light artillery." The objection to its general use is its weight, and the time it takes to load it; but a few of them, protected by the other skirmishers, he thinks, will be very useful.

Gen. McLellan I saw in his house, long enough to obtain a distinct impression of his personality, and to make a few observations on his head and face. He is a compact man, *teres totus atque rotundus.* He is said to be possessed of great physical strength; and some one, who knew him in St. Louis, said that he could bend a quarter of a dollar in his hand. At college, in Philadelphia, he was a hard student; not given to play; but very much liked, notwith-

standing, by his companions. The bar of observation over the eyes denotes fine perceptions and good memory. He possesses much concentration. His head is well rounded in all its organs, — indicating that he is not a man to make any important mistakes. The defect in his phrenological development is in the organ of invention; but perhaps this is, for us, no loss. He will not be a Hannibal, or Frederic of Prussia, or a Napoleon, but rather a Wellington or a Washington. He will be slow in forming his plans, cautious in surveying the field; will use all the resources and rules of military art, but use them intelligently, and not as mere routine. He can fix his mind to his work, and hold it there till it is done. Such is the impression produced by a brief interview with a man, in whose hands, just now, seems to rest the destiny of the nation, more than with any other.

The result of this visit to Washington was, on the whole, gratifying. Far more gratifying was this visit in 1861, in time of war, than the other in 1851, in time of peace. Then all was outward prosperity; but, inwardly, all was corruption. Now every thing outwardly denotes disaster and calamity; but, inwardly, there is a brave and generous purpose. Soldiers go to the war impelled by this motive: their friends at home feel its influence. Thus, while outward health often conceals inward disease, outward disease may lead to inward health. So, too, outward peace may be really inward war, and outward war may result in inward peace.

War is a dreadful evil. It is the paradox of social life. Men invent an instrument of destruction, for example, a shell, cunningly adapted to inflict torture and destroy life. They hurl this into the hostile ranks; and, when it has lacerated and torn their enemy, they carefully lift him from the ground, bind his wounds, nurse him in their hos-

pitals, and spare no thought or labor to restore him to health. Thus a soldier combines in himself the character of devil and angel, — of the ruffian who destroys life, and the Good Samaritan who comes to save it. It is very sad to go through the hospitals, and see the young men maimed for life; unable any more to take part in youthful sports; never again to ride or run or swim or skate or dance. They go out with a youthful beauty which touches all hearts: they come home disfigured and deformed. What does not the nation owe to those who incur these risks for its sake?

Nevertheless, war is like a fever, in which nature makes an effort to throw off some deep-seated evil worse than the fever. Our nation was gradually becoming corrupt in every part. The poison of slavery was penetrating every part of the social system. It corrupted the great political parties, it polluted the church, it demoralized trade, it debased society.

Is it not a grand thing to see all this flood of evil checked, even by the storm of war? The nation has been converted from selfishness to generosity in a day. Now we see all men united by a common sentiment of patriotism. Men of all the loyal States fight side by side. Massachusetts soldiers keep the peace in Baltimore, and watch over the safety of Virginia homes. Kentucky welcomes her Northern friends and defenders. Here is the beginning of a true Union, stronger and better than any which have preceded it.

Thus may Washington, redeemed and purified, yet become our holy city! God grant that the immense woes and wrongs of war may at least produce this happy result, — of a community wholly saved from the corruptions of prosperity and peace!

TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

A Sermon, by J. J. Putnam.

"As the truth is in Jesus." — Eph. iv. 21.

Foremost among the religious teachers who have instructed mankind, by the universal acknowledgment of Christian disciples, is he whose honored and endeared name has just been spoken. Whoever else has been wise, and uttered himself as an oracle of God, or without any claim to divine illumination, Jesus Christ is the Revealer of Truth, whom at least his followers accept and trust before all others. Earlier than he appeared in the world, there had been no clear announcement of the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel; and since his advent, no light shining out of the spiritual world has dimmed those gems of wisdom which sparkle on every page of the writings of the Evangelists. It is not the idle boasting of his partial friends; it is not the preacher's loose and unsupported statement; but a fact which must at last be accepted by all deep thinkers, not less than by those who have little ability to sift and weigh evidence, — that never man spake like the Man whom we reverence as more than man. The sublime disclosures of Christ have been the wonder and delight of uncounted numbers through a long period of history; and no new messenger from above is looked for, or desired, to unfold yet more what the angels, if even they, can comprehend. There are sceptics, and we know not when there will be none. There are those who place the authority of our Lord more in the messages which he delivered, than in the miracles he wrought in proof that he was the Sent of the Father. Still, the unanimity with which all, who are not ashamed of that name at which at length every knee

shall bow, declare that Jesus is to them the highest and the deepest wisdom they can gain, establishes the position, that the instructions of the Everlasting Gospel are all-sufficient; being adapted alike to the mind of a child and a sage.

I proceed now to affirm (and this I shall make a prominent point of my discourse), that notwithstanding the reverence that is professed to be felt for Christ as *the* Instructor, of whom every man in Christendom is bound, first and last, to learn, both in the Church and in the world there is strange proneness to go in quest of truth elsewhere than to him who alone has the words of eternal life. This singular inconsistency appears, — that Jesus is called wiser than any of the ancient or modern teachers; and yet many of those who freely assert his superiority, do not take home and treasure up his immortal words, to the exclusion of what false pretenders offer them, or in preference to what they may obtain from the interpreters and expounders of his gospel. Hence the controversies about scriptural doctrines which have raged for centuries. Hence the rallying cries of parties, and division upon division among the servants of a common Master. It all comes from not going directly and only to him who is the Incarnation, no less than the Declarer, of truth. Some are drawn to teachers who have no inspiration from above, — who are blind guides of the blind, and not the least trustworthy. Others, aiming to approach our Lord, and hear from him what the Eternal Spirit saith, take the dark way through creeds and catechisms, and bodies of divinity, and soon are in "endless mazes lost." And, to make the state of things still worse, all over many lands, human hands have drawn up the standard articles of faith; and influential bodies pronounce him accursed, and doom him as a heretic, who persists in learning of Jesus, not recognizing them as the appointed and infallible expositors of his sayings. The disciple and the

Master are kept too far apart. Bigoted religionists and sharp-eyed sectarians thrust between them books and tracts and the working machinery of party; so that the learner is not sure what and of whom he is learning.

But even with Bible in hand, and a sharp appetite for spiritual food, many do not know *where* to look for the *truth as it is in Jesus*, or how much this is to be preferred to truth coming to man through any other medium whatever. What I mean to say is, that the value of the Gospels, as compared with the historical, poetical, or prophetical books of the Old Testament, or with the Epistles and other writings included in the New Testament, is not generally understood. Some feel themselves bound to attach equal importance to all portions of the Scripture writings; thinking that every chapter and verse was produced under the same degree of inspiration, and overlooking the special designs for which different parts of the Bible were put in the form we have them. I make a difference between the sayings of Moses, Isaiah, and Paul, and those which fell from the lips of the Saviour; believing, at the same time, that all the revelations which have come through God's servants harmonize, and that none of them can be spared without loss. The Law is, for the most part, superseded by the Gospel; and the Epistles are chiefly valuable as commentaries on, or expositions of, the instructions of Christ. The words of the Apostles, their Letters to the Churches, beyond the first effect they were intended to produce, contain sound doctrine and practical wisdom, which it is unquestionably for our good to ponder and heed. Yet, would we go to the fountain-head of truth; would we learn directly of him who is the Light of the world and the Teacher of teachers, — we must find what is reported on good authority to have been uttered by our Lord. The supposition is not allowable, that he has omitted to declare any thing which it is

essential to the best welfare of mankind should be known. His instructions are so far complete, that if we had no other, we might hold a saving faith, and find the course of duty that prepares the soul for the delights of the heavenly kingdom.

You remember the conclusion of our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." From this language we infer that it is safe to build our hopes for time and immortality upon a hearty reception and practical observance of what is included in that single memorable discourse. Calvin, and Channing, and Swedenborg, have taught nothing better than Jesus himself communicated; while the danger is that they each put some unauthorized construction upon messages which he adapted to the capacities of the common people, whom he addressed on the loftiest themes that can possibly engross the human mind. In an extremely limited compass, we have all the revelations which are absolutely needed to make us, in theory and in life, model Christians. What a rebuke is there, in this fact, of our endless philosophizing, of creed-making, and the bitterness and exclusiveness which have resulted therefrom! From the simplicity of Christ how widely have his professed followers departed! and how mournful are the disputes and divisions which this departure has occasioned! Even the apostles disagreed among themselves touching certain points; and overlooking fundamentals, and failing to adhere strictly to the truth as it is in Jesus, in later times, those who have taken a position as advocates of Christianity, have made dark the counsels of Heaven, and hedged up the way leading direct to God. The

transparent communications of the great Head of the Church have been clouded by impenetrable mysteries, and thus the difficulty of following the heavenly Leader has been immeasurably increased.

It is noticeable in this connection, that the cardinal doctrines of the prevalent theology, so far as their pretended *Scriptural* basis is concerned, rest almost exclusively upon passages quoted either from the Old Testament or from the Epistles. Those who maintain that human depravity is not only *universal* (which is true), but *total* (which is not true), do not bring forward first, if at all, the declarations of him who took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Those who advocate the theory of the tri-personality of God, or the vicarious, substituted sufferings of the Man of Sorrows, seem to be most familiar with those parts of the Bible which do *not* report the utterances of Jesus. This circumstance is significant; and the more we think of it, the more we shall disincline to accept those dogmas which large bodies in the Church have put forth as saving truth. They do not bear the seal, we believe, of Christ's authority. Moreover, the Scripture, wherever selected, that is adduced in support of them, though written by those who shared a lower degree of inspiration than our Lord, without difficulty can be so explained as not to favor doctrines which he never enunciated. Full well we understand, or should understand, that by far the greater number of theological disputes, and those which have had the most unhappy effect in separating Christians into opposing parties, have grown out of different interpretations of other teachings than those of Jesus. And do we assume too much in re-asserting, that if all believers would make the words of the Master the test by which to prove their faith, many a creed would be rejected or revised, and more unity of belief would prevail among the multitudes that claim the same discipleship?

Let me assure you, my hearers, that we do not lessen the amount of truth, or the sufficiency of practical precepts with which any inquiring reader of the Bible may become familiar, when we insist upon giving far greater weight to what the Four Evangelists have written, than to all the rest of the book in which their records are contained. The teachings of Christ are remarkable for their condensed wisdom. His simplest words are laden with meaning. Heavenly revelations are not to be judged by the space they occupy on the printed page. Christ himself says, that on two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. There is enough for us to learn from a few chapters of the Gospel, to give us deep insight into spiritual realities, and to furnish us with ample directions to make our lives conform to the divine will. The more we extend our search away from the centre of scriptural illumination, where rays from the Sun of Righteousness converge to a focus, the less assurance we shall have that our efforts will be crowned with blessing. The Saviour's command, "*Learn of me*," was spoken with a full knowledge that, beyond what he has to impart, man has no need to receive, in order that he may achieve his highest destiny. We can never exhaust the gospel supplies. As our moral and spiritual capacities enlarge, new views of old truths will open to the eye of the soul. No man will ever tarry in this world long enough, or progress so rapidly in the acquisition of religious knowledge, as to have a demand for light and guidance which the teachings of our Lord will not more than meet. The concentration of attention to the point which I have all along indicated, so far from depriving the believer of scope for his immortal powers, will give the broadest sweep to those faculties of his nature by which it is intended he should gradually become elevated in dignity and honor.

I have seen a small book with the title, "*The Words of Jesus.*" It is a collection, made up from the Gospels, of the

teachings of our Lord. What an invaluable hand-book for Christians, or those who would become Christians, to have always by them! In it are the Beatitudes, and the Parables, by which we have been so much pleased and instructed; and the Commandments, laying upon all the duties of filial piety and brotherly affection; and warnings of danger for evil-doers; and promises of good to those whose steps are ordered in righteousness; and comforting messages for all the weary and afflicted, and declarations on which the hope of a better world than this may safely rest. What more is wanted to make us wise, cheerful, useful, devout, happy! And all this a communication from him whose authority is most unquestioned; all this spread before the eye on a few printed pages! How much would be done towards silencing worse than fruitless discussions, how much towards uniting a divided Church in the bonds of holy fellowship, if this little manual could be put into every household, and daily read by the young and the old! We have it all, it is true, in our Bibles; but not in a form so convenient for reference and use. "*Lord, to whom shall we go?* THOU *hast the words of eternal life.*" The undiluted, unperverted truth as it is in Jesus, is the bread of heaven, on which human souls may feed and grow. It is a happy arrangement to put this immortal food where starving spirits can partake of it, and run the least risk of being poisoned by foreign admixtures.

One more thought relating to my subject. There is *truth in the* LIFE *of Jesus*, not less than in what fell from his lips, of which humanity is greatly in need. Wrought into his character is every doctrine, precept, and principle he inculcated. As that character is portrayed in the Gospel, it shows us Christ as the living embodiment of Truth. Every act he performed strikingly harmonized with his beautiful, lofty teachings. The same rules which he laid down for others, he followed himself; presenting, in this

respect, a rare example of consistency. Many have found it easy to mark out straighter courses of duty than they were able or inclined to pursue: he showed how the fruits of moral and religious principles might be fully displayed in a conforming life. All this is for our advantage; because we can see truth in acts more distinctly than we apprehend truth when uttered in the simplest language. Devotion and Philanthropy, Love, Gentleness, Humility, Pity, Righteousness, — these all found expression in his prayers and works. When truth takes form in action; when it shows itself in temper and conduct, then there is cause to reverence and love it more than when it is presented in the form of a proposition, or precept. Truth believed with the whole mind and heart makes its recipient *true*, — true in all the relations of public and private life, — true to every obligation and responsibility which God has laid upon mankind. Of *One* it has been rightly said, —

> "Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
> Shines on through earthly blight and bloom;
> The pure, the everlasting ray,
> The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
> The light that out of darkness springs,
> And guideth those that blindly go;
> The word, whose precious radiance flings
> Its lustre upon all below."

More than Revealer of heavenly doctrines, Jesus exhibited in his *life* the outgrowth of those principles on which the Everlasting Gospel is grounded. Here, then, is a study for us, if we would clear ourselves of all ignorance, and error, and falsity. When we can analyze the only perfect character that has wrought out its transcendent excellence subject to the limitations and temptations which fall to the lot of our common humanity; when we can comprehend every thing that pertains to the one pattern-life, and give full honor to him who furnished it, not less for our imitation

than admiration, — then shall we be rich in experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Brethren, if we are tired of the jargon of the sects; if we would be confused no more by the cry, "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" if we would fall back in calm security upon the only authority on which we are warranted in resting our religious faith, — let us sit for instruction at the feet of him who has said, "*I am the Truth.*"

REPORT OF WORK DONE IN CENTRAL AND WESTERN NEW YORK.

CORTLAND, N.Y., May 24, 1861.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Sec. Am. Unitarian Association.

DEAR BROTHER, — On the twentieth day of March, 1860, I received a letter from you, inquiring if I would like to take an agency, to do missionary work, from the American Unitarian Association; to which at once I replied in the affirmative, and soon after received intelligence that the sum of $200 would be appropriated to me for the year, beginning, I think, with April, 1860. I presume this assistance came to me through the influence of that most excellent man of God, and friend of humanity, Rev. Samuel J. May. I had been laboring, somewhat zealously I think, for four or five years, in Central New York, in the cause of Liberal Christianity, but with small compensation, and, part of the time, gratis. Seeing this, some of Brother May's Society, and Brother May himself, thought that I was doing a work so essentially Unitarian, though under the name of Liberal Christianity, and the field was so new and important, that I ought to receive aid from the Association; and so, unsolicited on my part, they interceded for me, and thus enabled me to continue in the occupancy of the field. I had pre-

viously worked here considerably for the Unitarian cause; making it known in districts where scarcely known at all before. In several places, I had preached on Channing and his writings; circulating those writings wherever I went, as well as those of other Unitarians, and especially of Martineau and Furness. This I did from love of the work, and without any expectation of compensation, other than the compensation which I received by the small collections I sometimes took up in places I visited.

Since being promised the $200 appropriation, I have labored very much as before, having no specific work laid out for me; and have preached at various places within a circuit of forty miles, both on Sundays and week-day evenings. At Cortland Village I have preached, as heretofore, every other Sunday: and the chief of the other places I have visited have been Binghamton, Marathon, Lisle, Tully, McLean, Etna, Penville, Dryden, Tally, Otselec, and Homer; preaching in several of the places two or three Sundays each; sometimes paying small sums for halls and churches, and collecting just about enough to defray travelling expenses. The above are nearly all thriving towns or villages; and I have had a respectable hearing, and equally good in several rural districts, generally in schoolhouses. In occasional reports of mine which have been published in the "Monthly Journal," I have spoken more particularly of the state of our cause; and need not repeat here what I have said.

I am sorry to have to confess that I have been particularly disappointed as to the small success I have met with in procuring subscribers for the "Journal," "Register," "Inquirer," &c. I think I have circulated the copies of the "Journal," sent to me, *judiciously;* putting them into thinking families, where they would be likely to be read understandingly and with profit. It is, of course, an important matter, that all that is published by you should be

read; but, to insure the reading, much pains must be taken in the distribution. I had thought, that, as my field was new to us, I would give the people a chance to get acquainted with us through the "Journal," before earnestly soliciting subscribers; and that I would take two or three weeks, just before the expiration of the year, to thoroughly canvass my field, and get what names I could to send you. But, when the time had come, the *war* had come also; and it was no use then to ask any to subscribe for a new periodical, or hardly to read one put into their hands gratuitously. For the time being, of course, the war must be the all-engrossing theme; but I trust, that, after we get through it, we shall have a better *atmosphere* for Liberal Christianity to flourish in. I hope slavery will not exist, to divide and distract us; and, where there is *freedom*, our views must progress. I shall probably continue at my post in Cortland another year, half the time; and shall not lose any opportunity to procure a subscriber to our periodicals, and shall labor more to that end. The "Journal" is *much* liked by all into whose hands I have put it; and I shall hereafter make it more of an object to get subscribers for it.

A liberal book-store has grown out of our church movement here; and I think that as large a number of our books must have been circulated among us, in proportion to the population of our community, as in any part of the country. As many as fifty copies of Channing must have been sold, and a large number, especially, of Furness's "Life of Jesus," and of Martineau's "Endeavors," besides other books. Where the country is so flooded with all sorts of newspapers, it is much easier to sell books than to get subscribers. The visits and preaching of Starr King to us from year to year, for several seasons, created quite an interest in Unitarianism.

As I have partially promised to preach in Cortland half

of the time for the coming year, if the Association shall see fit to give me employment for the other half of the time, for general labor, or for any specified labor or specified amount, I shall be very glad to receive it, as it will be congenial to me, and help me through the year. I hope the way is preparing for two or three Unitarian societies in this general region,—one at the important town of Binghamton; and I am sure that seed sown here will not be lost. I preach occasionally for Brothers May and Mayo. . . .

I have preached twenty-two Sundays for the Association, and several evenings, generally three times on Sundays, in two places. Should aid be continued for another year, I should like to visit other places, especially some important ones where Unitarianism has not been much known; and, under the advisement of Brother May, I hope to be able, by another year, to give place to some other minister, and would be glad to settle down myself, for as many years as might seem best, over some Unitarian society, either east or west. But this hastily written letter concerning my labors, &c., I send you, with fraternal regards. WM. H. FISH.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Nov. 11, 1861. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Emerson, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, J. F. Clarke, Brigham, Barrett, Stebbins, Hinckley, Sawyer, Nichols, and Fox.

The subject that first occupied the attention of the Board was the use to be made of that portion of the income for the present year, of the Perkins Fund, not yet appropriated. After some discussion, it was decided to place it in the hands of the President of the Meadville Theological School, for the assistance of needy students in that institution.

The Committee on Western Correspondence stated that a letter had been received from the society in Kalamazoo, Mich., asking when the Association would be able to pay the $200, which was conditionally promised last fall, to aid them in building their church. They were instructed to reply, that the money in the hands of the Treasurer, contributed by various societies for the Kalamazoo Church ($288), would be paid to its trustees, whenever the conditions referred to in their letter were complied with.

The same Committee presented an application from Rev. John K. Karcher for aid, to the amount of $200, for the society of which he is pastor, in Toronto, Can.; and were instructed to reply, that, for want of funds, his request could not be granted.

A letter was also read from Rev. L. B. Mason, of Madison, Wis., asking an appropriation of $100 to help sustain him as pastor of the Unitarian Society in that place; and the Committee were directed to reply, that the call did not seem to the Board sufficiently urgent to authorize such an appropriation in the present financial condition of the Association.

The Committee also stated that Rev. William H. Fish had offered to give a portion of his time during the next six months to missionary work for the Association, in Central New York; and it was voted to accept his proposal, and pay him for his services the sum of $50.

The Committee on New-England Correspondence presented an application for aid from the society in Montague, Mass. In view of the fact that a partial promise was made last spring to assist this society, it was voted that the Treasurer be authorized to pay to them $50.

The Finance Committee asked permission of the Board to send another circular to those societies that had not yet responded to the appeal for the Army Fund. After some discussion, it was decided inexpedient, on the following

grounds: First, because societies who did not see fit to respond to the circular already sent would not probably be influenced by a further appeal; and, second, because of the necessity of soon making an application for contributions for the general purposes of the Association.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Stebbins, a Committee was appointed to examine into the condition of the tracts of the Association, and consider the best methods of distributing them.

It was voted, on motion of Mr. Lincoln, to present a copy of each of the publications of the Association to the Liberia College, in Monrovia, Africa.

On account of the amount of business demanding the attention of the Board, the Secretary was authorized to call an extra meeting two weeks hence.

Correction. — The name of Mr. Hinckley was accidentally omitted from the list of those present at the meeting, Oct. 14.

A WORD TO PASTORS.

With the present number ends the second volume of the "Monthly Journal." The time has therefore come, in most of the parishes to which it is sent, for renewing subscriptions.

It is very important, for reasons which will be evident to all, that we should know, before the January number is issued, about how many copies will be required to meet the demand for the new year. Pastors will, therefore, confer a great favor by seeing that this matter is attended to at once, and that we are notified by the 20th of this month, at the latest, of the number of copies needed to supply the societies under their charge. We do not ask

that the subscriptions shall be paid at that time, but only that we may be informed of the number of subscribers.

It may be well to repeat here, what has often been stated before, that the Association is always ready to furnish copies for gratuitous distribution, wherever they can be used to good advantage in a missionary way. If there are parishes in the denomination where no persons can be found able and willing to pay for the "Journal" the subscription-price of *one dollar*, but yet where there are those who will accept it as a gift and *read* it, sufficient copies will be regularly sent without charge — express paid — to supply them, if the pastor or some other responsible person will inform us of the number required, and agree to attend to their distribution. To all parishes where there is a list of paying subscribers, extra copies will be sent to supply all persons such as those just referred to.

With this liberal offer on the part of the Association, there seems to be no reason why our "Journal" should not be widely circulated the coming year in every society of the denomination. It is true, the times are hard, and the country is in the midst of a terrible civil war; but surely we should not for such reasons debar ourselves from any of the consoling and strengthening influences of our liberal religious faith, or relax our efforts to extend its blessings to others.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Augustus M. Haskell, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School in the class of 1861, has accepted a call from the Barton-square Society, Salem, Mass.

Mr. E. L. C. Browne, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1861, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Hubbardston, Mass.

The new Unitarian house of worship, Hope Church, erected by the society in Yonkers, N.Y., was dedicated on Wednesday, Oct. 30. The services were as follows: Invocation, and reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., of New York; prayer of dedication by Rev. Frederic A. Farley, D.D., of Brooklyn; hymn, read by Rev. Eben Francis, of Stamford, Conn.; sermon by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., of New York; address to the society by the pastor, Rev. A. A. Livermore; concluding prayer by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York; hymn, read by Rev. N. A. Staples, of Brooklyn; benediction by Rev. Mr. Shepard, of Mount Vernon.

Mr. Henry H. Barber, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1861, was ordained as pastor of the society in Harvard, Mass., on Thursday, Oct. 24. The services were as follows: Introductory prayer by Rev. Mr. Lombard, of Shirley; reading of the Scriptures by Rev. E. B. Fairchild, of Sterling; sermon by Rev. John F. Moors, of Greenfield; ordaining prayer by Rev. William P. Tilden, of Fitchburg; charge to the pastor by Rev. George M. Bartol, of Lancaster; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Charles C. Vinal, of North Andover; address to the people by Rev. Alonzo Hill, D.D., of Worcester; concluding prayer by Rev. Stilman Barber, of Tyngsborough.

Rev. Nahor A. Staples, late of Milwaukie, Wis., was installed as pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, N.Y., on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 6. The following was the order of services: Voluntary; anthem; reading of the Scriptures; "Gloria in Excelsis;" prayer; hymn; sermon by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York; silent prayer and chant; installation-prayer by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., of New York; charge to the pastor by Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Yonkers; right hand of fellowship by Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., of Brooklyn; address to the people by Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., of New York; benediction by the pastor.

Mr. Samuel C. Beane, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School in the class of 1861, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Chicopee, Mass.

Rev. JOSEPH H. ANGIER will supply the pulpit of the society in Haverhill, Mass., during the winter.

Rev. CHARLES BUGBEE, formerly of Eastport, Me., has taken charge of the society in Ashby, Mass.

Rev. S. S. HUNTING, of Manchester, N.H., has accepted the call from the society in Detroit, Mich.

THE Lawrence Church, erected by the liberal society in the village of Feltonville, Marlborough, Mass., was dedicated on Tuesday, Nov. 19. The services were as follows: Voluntary; chorus, — "Praise the Lord in the highest;" prayer by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Northborough; anthem; reading of Scriptures by Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Bolton; prayer of dedication by Rev. William C. Tenney, of Marlborough; original hymn, sung in congregational manner; sermon by Rev. George W. Stacy, of Milford; hymn; prayer by Rev. Mr. Shay, of Leominster; solo and chorus, — "How lovely in Zion!" benediction by Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D., of Northborough.

Mr. HENRY W. FOOTE has accepted the call from the King's-Chapel Society, and will probably be ordained some time during the present month.

Rev. SAMUEL B. CRUFT, of Boston, has resigned his office as minister-at-large, and pastor of the Canton-street Chapel.

Rev. GEORGE S. BALL, of Upton, has been appointed chaplain of the Twenty-first Regiment of Massachuetts Volunteers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

Record of an Obscure Man. "Aux plus déshérités le plus d'Amour." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.
[To be noticed hereafter.]

The Puritans; or, the Court, Church, and Parliaments of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In three volumes. Vol. 3. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street.
[To be noticed. This volume completes Mr. Hopkins's elaborate work on a period of history hitherto neglected.]

Spectacles for Little Eyes. "We look before and after." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

[A good account of the sights of Boston and the vicinity, with pretty illustrations.]

Tales of a Grandfather. History of Scotland. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Bart.* With Notes. In six volumes. Vols. 1–4. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

[These volumes belong to the very neat and handsome edition of the Waverley Novels published by Ticknor & Fields.]

Songs in Many Keys. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor, Fields, & Co. 1862.

[This volume contains most of Dr. Holmes's poems not hitherto collected, and a few new ones, among which is a romance of New-England life, very suggestive and touching. Those who enjoy the Muse of our most brilliant poet, into whose bright strains come often also the tones of a pathetic minor, will be glad to get this book.]

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